

The Historie of

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percie*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my sayth, I am afraide he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I kilde him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flectit Thy mayden Sword.

John. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fatt man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seemst.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*; if your Father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himfelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy* I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewesbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, & would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

Henry the fourth.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile giulde it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A retreat is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,
To see what friendes are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they say for reward. He that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I doe grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile
Purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should
doe. *Exit.*

The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion find rebuke,
Ill spirited *Worcester*, did not we send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safetie vrgde me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

King. Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prin. The noble *Scot* Lord *Douglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,
That the pursuers took him. At my Tent,
The *Douglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King.